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The Week

THE signing of the German-Russian treaty is a diplomatic event potentially capable of the profoundest influence upon the whole European diplomatic situation. It serves notice upon the western powers that, if Russia and Germany are to be held in the class of pariahs, they will form an association of their own which in the course of history will give an account of itself. Further, it serves notice upon the border states that they should waste no time in applying whatever influence they may have to effect a reasonable settlement between the western powers and Russia. For the border states will be in a precarious position if Germany and Russia pool their political issues. The French may rage all they please about Bolshevik trickery, and the British may talk severely about German disloyalty. But the situation is not to be mended with words. The only adequate counter to the action of Germany and Russia is actually to effect the general European settlement which the Genoa Conference was called to effect, but which French egoism and stubbornness threatened to make impossible. Either a permanent Russo-German combination, or a general European reconciliation: that is the alternative which faces the French and British at Genoa. The French may refuse to recognize this, but Lloyd George recognizes it perfectly, as anyone can see by close examination of the Genoa dispatches to the Times from Lloyd George's extremely intelligent interpreter, Herbert Sidebotham. The treaty, he writes, "is rightly understood to be the most powerful argument for a settlement with Russia which Lloyd George has so long advocated."

"WHAT the Prime Minister hopes to accomplish," declares Sir Edward Grigg, Mr. Lloyd George's private secretary, "is that the thirty-two nations represented at Genoa frame a compact similar to the Four Power Treaty with regard to the Pacific in which they will undertake to refrain from all aggression and to consult one another in their difficulties. The model of the Pacific compact is to be followed strictly except that there will be no collateral proposal to reduce armaments. Disarmament schemes, in the British opinion, must and can only follow the establishment of pacific conditions." This statement discloses the weakness in the Lloyd George political program for Genoa. The proposed political truce will not by itself justify and result in disarmament. The continued existence of large armaments creates suspicions, anxieties and presumptions which deprive a political concert of its necessary moral and emotional binder. What rendered the Four Power agreement possible in Washington was the willingness of the American nation, which possessed greater potential military and naval strength than Great Britain and Japan, to propose a fixed limit for its own naval armaments. The Hughes introductory speech and specific proposal created an atmosphere of confidence and fair play in which an experiment in government by conference among the naval powers had a chance of success. But the powers which control the largest armies on the European continent have assumed an attitude the reverse of that adopted by the United States. They dominate Europe by virtue of their

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armies and of the Treaties of Versailles and St. Germain. If a European concert is to become a reality, it is their superior power which must be emasculated. Mr. Lloyd George expects apparently to substitute conference for war as the arbiter of Europe by restraining the weaker nations from attacking their powerful neighbors.

IN the claims of the Allies upon Russia and in Russia's counterclaims we have nothing more than preposterous initial moves such as are made in every commonplace transaction in the Levant. The London "experts" know very well that the Soviet government has not the remotest intention of yielding to a demand for mixed tribunals that would in effect establish the principle of exterritoriality. They know too that the Soviet government will never assume the financial obligations of the provisional government unless the Allies agree that the provisional government came to an end when Kerensky fell. Otherwise the Allies would be in a position to demand repayment of the sums laid out on Kolchak, the Archangel government, Denikin, Yudenitch and Wrangel. All these enterprises were recognized as part of the provisional government by England or France or by both. The United States would be in a position to demand payment for the sums turned over to Ambassador Bakhmetieff and used in counter-revolutionary propaganda. Nor is it necessary to take seriously the demand of the Soviet government for unlimited billions of damages for Allied aid to the counter-revolution. Neither the Russians nor the Allies will actually pay the sums claimed. The Soviet government will probably agree to pay something, not because it has any moral obligations to the governments that carried on war against it, but because it is worth while to pay something for trade.

IF there is no way of recovering the expenses of our Rhine occupation except through acceptance of a place on the Reparations Commission, the intelligent policy for us to pursue is to write off those expenses as a total loss. Senator Borah did not put the case too strongly when he declared in the Senate that "when we become a member of the Reparations Commission we will have entangled ourselves with every conceivable political question which can arise in Europe for the next forty years." The Reparations Commission was created to enforce obligations that cannot be enforced. Those obligations lie squarely across the path of European recovery. Sooner or later the Commission, in execution of the duties imposed upon it by the Treaty of Versailles, is pretty certain to issue orders that Germany will refuse to obey, and the powers represented on the Commission will proceed to the application of military sanctions, to put it euphemistically. We might not like it, but we should be in a minority, and pledged to abide by the decision of a majority and to take our part of the odium and expense.

THE Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America and the associated clothing manufacturers of Chicago have again proved that peaceful industrial relations can be preserved even in periods of extreme industrial depression. On April 6th the collective agreement which concerned 40,000 clothing workers in Chicago and which terminated on May 1st of this year was renewed to run until April 30, 1925. As before the basic rights of the union all remain intact in this new contract. The right of the management to discipline and discharge workers is still subject to review; provision is made for the equal division of work is slack seasons; the obligation of the manufacturers to assist in maintaining a strong organization of workers is again acknowledged; and the preferential union shop operates as before. In the matter of wages, agreement was reached on a reduction of something less than ten percent. Thus in the face of widespread industrial disorder, of vigorous and sometimes successful attempts to destroy existing labor organizations, the clothing industry of Chicago finds it desirable to continue to settle its differences amicably through the machinery of collective bargaining.

A FEATURE of more than local importance in this new Chicago contract is the provision that the union may annually raise the question of an unemployment fund and terminate the contract in good faith at the close of a year, if no satisfactory adjustment on this question is reached. The effect of this provision is to make the support of the unemployed in the industry for the first time an issue between organized workers and employers. It is a notice that the traditional measures of American trade unions, such as the shorter work day and restriction of output, however desirable their collateral effects may be, have failed to solve for the workers the problem of unemployment. At its convention in Boston, in May, 1920, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers went on record for the establishment of an unemployment fund to be supported by the employers. Unfavorable industrial conditions during the past two years have made it impossible to press this policy. Now, however, the question receives recognition in a formal agreement. It is only a matter of time before the clothing industry will assume the lead in the search for

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measures to meet the problem of unemployment, just as it has already during the past ten years broken new ground in the field of industrial relations.

THE one political improvement which the Harding administration is particularly pledged to accomplish is the introduction of increasing economy into the expenditures of the government and of increasing efficiency into its administrative organization and methods. For the purpose of redeeming these pledges, the President has taken steps in the direction of budgetary control over expenditures and of a radical reorganization of the departmental offices. He has taken these steps, we have no doubt, in entire good faith. Yet while recognizing his good faith, we have always had grave doubts about his chances of success in bringing about any very radical improvement. President Harding is first of all a convinced and a habitual Republican. He believes in party politics more completely than in any other article of his creed. But in our opinion a president cannot attach as much importance to party politics and Republican success as Mr. Harding does and travel very far on the road of scientific administrative reform. The party machines still live to a very considerable extent on the spoils of office. Almost all the more responsible and more lucrative positions in the federal service are still distributed as the rewards of party work. This practice counts as a fatal handicap upon the building up of an efficient administrative machine. It deprives the lower classified officials of the inducement to work hard and well. The offices to which they can aspire as the result of capable service are assigned to the party hacks. Unless the President's experts in administration attack this abuse, it is futile to expect any increase in administrative efficiency in the federal services.

FAR from attacking this abuse there is a danger that the President will authorize, so far as his discretion goes, its extension. An Assistant Postmaster General has advocated in a public statement an increase in the number of offices which are available for distribution as the rewards of party service; and apparently Mr. Harding is considering a policy of going as far as the law allows in substituting Republicans for the existing office holders. He insists that some of the departments need house-cleaning and that public opinion should trust him, as the chief executive of the government, to keep the public interest paramount in performing the job. We have not the slightest doubt that a thorough house-cleaning in many public departments is needed, but the President, if he undertakes it, would, we fear, leave the departments more rather than less demoralized. He is too closely associated with the party machine to resist the pressure which it will exert in favor of preferring doubtful Republicans to unimpeachable Democrats, and the large number of heads which will have to fall in the process of house-cleaning will create a sense of insecurity in the public service which is at least as undesirable as a sense of too much security. The present organization of the federal service does not give a capable official a sufficient motive for efficient service. It never will while men who are primarily party politicians dictate the administrative methods and policy of the federal government.

Towards a Coal Plan

COAL operators today are in much the position enjoyed by the brewers in the year 1908. There were good brewers who said "Clean the industry." There were weather-wise brewers who said "There is a thunderstorm going to break." But the majority of brewers were sunshiny and optimistic, and they said "Good times are coming on." And they disregarded those "that with accursed zeal our Service would amend." What destroyed their industry was over-development and the ills that come of it. The case against the brewers in those days was not the wickedness of beer. It was the wickedness of the selling system of beer. Later it was easy to extend the indictment and damn beer. But in the fresh force of the crusade what prevailed was the exposure of the saloon. The brewers had filled the cities with saloons. The saloonkeeper in an over-developed business had been driven to employ evil devices in order to make a living. He had to make use of whisky-drinking, gambling and prostitution, or go out of business for lack of a cash balance. The saloon keeper was the helpless tool of the brewer, and the connection was made by means of the chattel mortgage. And the victorious opposition reasoned like this: The brewers fill the world with saloons. Saloons are rotten places. The brewers won't clean up the saloons. So the brewers must go.

Coal operators are today caught in the same kind of popular revulsion. They have over-developed their industry. Bad selling practices have resulted. The public is growing angry. The majority of operators think it is a small cloud with clear skies ahead. It is true that the product of the industry is vitally different, and that man can live without beer but not without coal. But antisocial selling practices are no less resented, and the position of the operators as an academy of American immortals is no more secure, than were the habits and personality of the liquor lords of a few years ago. The unmitigated scramble of

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the operators for profits has made it impossible for the public to receive the full social value of coal. The public has at last decided to blame the operators.

But blame and hate will not bring good government to coal. What we want are some rules of the road, a plan that will give good behavior between social groups. Instead of increasing irritation and vaster struggles, we need a few administrative devices, so that human beings, jammed into big-scale industry, can get on together. A plan for coal is needed. In saying so, we repeat that the plan will grow out of facts, and will be tested by them. And we are not advocating a flurry of facts through an emergency commission as all-sufficient. We mean a continuous stream of facts playing on the troubled situation like a hose on a fire.

But with steady investigation there comes a time for a plan and for action. It will soon be necessary to risk a generalization which will seek to scoop up relevant facts, and project a scheme for "running" coal. Such a plan of administration will be as dreary reading as logarithms. Logarithms make a dull-looking table, but you cannot work your problem without them. Administrative plans are in the same class of necessary and uninteresting tabulation. They cannot be made bright and merry. They lack the snappy quality of news, and the rich trailing human values of a love story. They contain as little revolutionary fervor as the adventures of x in an algebraic equation. But administrative plans are essential if human beings are to work together under the pressure of modern large-scale industry. That pressure in at least two basic industries is increasing as rapidly as if the worker were a deep-sea diver dropping down toward the ocean-floor. We do not intend to draw a plan for coal in these next thousand words, but we shall attempt to suggest the principles from which a plan could be drawn. The contest in plan drawing should be thrown open to engineers, miners, experts in administration, editorial publicists. In asking an architect to submit plans, it is helpful to tell him what kind of structure is wanted—whether a cathedral or a bungalow. We suggest that the coal industry is a public affair rather than a private and hidden enterprise. We assume and affirm that coal is a public utility.

A public utility is an indispensable commodity or service, to which all the community should have a measurably equal access. A public utility refuses to behave as a harmless little fenced-in private enterprise. If squeezed down into the control of a single group of owners, it revenges itself by breaking loose into activities against the general welfare, and it goes raging through the community like the Golem until it has found its rightful place as a public service. One definition of a public utility might be that in private hands it is uncontrollable, because it refuses all control except public control.

If that is so, if coal is a public utility, what follows? It follows, in the phrase of a Senate bill, "to recognize and declare coal and its production and distribution charged with public interest and use." Therefore Congress has powers over coal—powers analogous to those which it exercises over interstate commerce, over matters of public health, over matters charged with public use, and over taxation. The highway on which coal will travel to social control is the "general welfare" clause of the American Constitution.

This social control should not become nationalization at the present time nor in the near future. We believe that within the next five years nationalization would be a calamity for the miners and for the public. Our reasons are definite. Except to dreamers of a syndicalist world, forecasts show that this imperfect but agreeable American nation of ours will bump on from precedent to precedent under a political state and a representative government. This means that a nationalized coal industry would be under the control of a federal commission of "well known and unbiased" and hard-boiled business men, backed by the police power of the American government. The Steel Corporation would be a gentle ally of labor compared with the mobilized power of that official tyranny. The United Mine Workers of America would be cracked like an egg shell on the first wage dispute.

This does not mean that nationalization is forever beyond reach. It will enter possible procedure when there is an organizing mind in the public service, a competent administration, a devotion to public welfare, a less imperfect democratic state, and a powerful labor representation in Congress and all the other areas of government. The result of such a peaceful revolution would be a federal commission in control of coal, whose membership would not be hostile to organized labor, and whose decisions would be based on a wide human consideration. If coal were nationalized in Britain, the governing body would include men like Justice Sankey, Lord Haldane, Redmayne, and Tawney. And that representation would be the result of a long democratic process. But nationalization now is for us an illusion, except as it is an educational ferment.

What are the matters a working plan for coal should include? There is the need at the centre of management for "a system of analysis and record," "a running audit," "a machinery of knowl-

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edge," in the phrases of Walter Lippmann,—the compulsory, continuous centralized fact-finding agency of the miners' demand, the bureau of statistics, which the Fuel Administration in part created. It is fortunate that public accountants, geological experts and other technicians can already give wise service, when public administrators in the field of human relationship still lag in technique and impartiality. Facts are less agitating than instincts. It must be added that these impersonal fact-gatherers shall have nothing to do with the control of policy and the job of administration. Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to classify. They are a pure scientific body, as uninflamed by their research as a chemist.

Then follows the need of striking straight at the chief malady of coal, over-development—incurable and private competition for profits. No more new mines until demand has overtaken supply: that is a simple statement, and a simple licensing system will embody it. But there will remain too many mines already working. We suggest as a promising principle of reorganization the principle of industrial maintenance—that the industry shall care for its unemployed. Let the coal industry be required to guarantee a minimum of employment. Let the cost of unemployment be borne by the industry. This will force the operators to reconstruct the industry. It will dry up the surplus mines. It will drive out the irresponsible speculators, who open "snow birds" and wagon mines. It will benefit the substantial operators who mine coal for contracts instead of for spot sale speculations. By this device of industrial maintenance, if the operators purge the industry of its gross over-development, the miners will be forced to purge their ranks of a gross overmanning.

Car shortage and seasonal fluctuation of demand for coal will be lessened by an extension of storage at the points of consumption. There are technical difficulties still to be overcome by at least a wider application of existing knowledge. But the main difficulty is the cost of storage. This cost can be met only by concentrated capital or by current earnings. The individual operator is helpless. The need here is for some method of pooling which will give economies and avoid undue monopoly. There are several suggestions, which need severe scrutiny. One is for cooperative selling societies. Another is for pooling costs by consolidating the mines of the country into a few large groups. This would enable the low-cost mine to help pay for the coal of the high-cost mine, instead of setting the price of coal by the marginal high-cost mine. It would also create a half-dozen coal trusts. A third suggestion is for more pooling of coal. Whatever method emerges from investigation, the principle will be vindicated that the sprawling industry demands unification, integration, a tighter organization (with accompanying social control and investigation).

Pyramiding of coal prices by resales is a practice that can be penalized by a brokerage tax.

Enormous wastes of coal by bad mining practice, probably one ton lost for every two mined, can be lessened when the nation is interested in its own future. This saving requires a projection plan, not dependent on immediate financial returns.

Finally, if we decide to treat coal as a public utility, economies will be sought not only in reorganization along the lines suggested, but in the better use of coal. Coal as power, its energy resources, are a national asset as yet meanly utilized. When coal dies into energy at the mine head, and that energy is concentrated from many fields into a central power station, and from where rayed out to a thousand communities, it will bring a new freedom, if dealt with as a public utility and not as a private monopoly.

We have over half the coal of the world, the best machinery, willing miners. But coal brings us more annual disturbance, greater extremes of glut and shortage, more waste, more death, than it brings to the impoverished countries of Europe. And the reason is our failure to charge it with a public service. Never letting up in the demand for facts, we need with the facts an outline of an orderly and reorganized industry. So the New Republic offers these few suggestions looking towards a plan for coal. Such reconstructions cost time and money, but they will save more than they cost. Without them, there will be no end of evils. With them, coal will become a public utility.

France at Washington and Genoa

EVER since the manifest diminution of popularity and prestige which overtook France during and after the Washington Conference French political writers have devoted much ingenuity and labor in explaining this unexpected and unfortunate result. Some have attributed it to pro-German propaganda, and others to the intrigues and prevarications of British secret diplomacy and still others to the mistakes and the ineptitudes of their representatives at Washington. But with one or two notable exceptions, of whom M. Philippe Millet is the most conspicuous and lucid, they shut their eyes to the obvious and the real reason why conferences such as that at Washington are bound to diminish the popularity and

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prestige of France in the eyes of other nations. They are wilfully deceiving themselves when they impute responsibility for their unpopularity to the machinations of their enemies or the ineptitude of their spokesmen. If French diplomacy is maladroit, it is because French policy is in the eyes of the well-informed public opinion of the world egotistic and domineering. The unpopularity of France is not due to the intrigues and misrepresentations of her opponents, but to the plans and behavior of the French government. If French political writers wish to understand why France is becoming feared and doubted rather than loved and trusted, they must begin by recognizing the extent to which the prevailing policy of their government thwarts the needs and aspirations of the Italian, Russian, German, British, Dutch, Scandinavian, Swiss and American peoples.

French prestige seems likely to suffer at Genoa a repetition of the eclipse which overtook it at Washington. Delegates from some thirty nations are now sojourning in Genoa, the great majority of whom are most anxious to pacify and reconstruct Europe. They cannot pacify Europe without removing the threat which large armaments create against the security of less armed nations and they cannot reconstruct Europe without cutting off the infection which the running sore of reparations is communicating to the whole economic body of Europe. But whenever they refer to the two questions which are inseparably connected with the errand which brings them to Genoa, they are promptly and irascibly informed that the French government has forbidden them even to raise these anxious and critical topics. The order of business has omitted any provision for the discussion of armaments and reparations, and any departure from the agenda would amount to a breach of faith which France could resent by withdrawing. The delegates find themselves in a position, consequently, analogous to that of a group of doctors who are called in to consult over a patient who is suffering from acute colic but who are forbidden to consider whether or not they should operate for appendicitis. Naturally they are somewhat irritated by the unreality of their consultation. Naturally they feel aggrieved at the absoluteness of the prohibition which France erects against any honest and thoroughgoing diagnosis and cure of the malady of Europe.

The inability of the ordinary French politician and journalist to understand why the present policy of their government is bound to result in the moral and physical isolation of France amounts, if it is really true, to a dangerous obsession. Again and again a spokesman of the French government such, for instance, as M. Barthou, summons the American and British correspondents to his presence and issues an explanation of the motives and objects of the French official policy which its author apparently intends and expects will clear up the misinterpretation of French policy in other countries and do away with the opposition to it. He asserts that France, having suffered so much from war, is more passionately devoted to peace than any other European nation, that she maintains the largest army in the world exclusively for defensive purposes and that she asks for nothing but the security and reparations which are guaranteed to her by the Treaty of Versailles. He never appreciates how unreal or insufficient these explanations must appear to a foreigner who recognizes in them the traditional equivocation of nationalistic special pleading, and who can trace to its source in Paris the obvious provocation to the hatreds, animosities, suspicions and the fears of other European peoples. M. Barthou is repeating at Genoa the performance of M. Briand at Washington. Their apologies for French policy only confirm and increase the apprehensions and misgivings of its opponents. If the French politicians and people really believe in their official propaganda, if they expect permanently to vindicate by a preponderant army the unnaturally privileged position in Europe which they obtained as the result of the coalition victory over Germany, if they continue practically to make European peace depend upon French domination, then they are suffering from a delusion of self-importance and grandeur which is none the less dangerous because it is caused in part by their past sufferings and perils.

M. Barthou, like the other French apologists, indignantly denies that the French government can justly be accused of militarism. He supports this denial by affirmations of the peaceful intentions and record of the French nation. But are such affirmations enough? Is there not some objective test which will enable a political observer to distinguish between a militaristic national policy and one which is essentially pacific? There is, so far as we can see, only one such test. A national policy is militaristic if and when the nation which insists on it is willing and ready to impose it on other nations by force and if other nations will not and cannot accept it except under the pressure of force. The French policy with respect to Germany is in this respect clearly militaristic. It is a policy which requires an irresistible army as the instrument of its execution. As long as this policy prevails, it is vain to talk about disarmament and appeasement. France has become the representative of machtpolitik. French policy imposes an assentially military organization on Europe. It is a repetition of the German policy after the Franco-Prussian War.

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At that time the German nation, more or less conscious of the violation of public right which the Treaty of Frankfort embodied, tried to escape the consequences of the violation by building up an irresistible army and by arranging a system of alliances which isolated France and rendered her impotent. By these means Bismarck proposed to neutralize the grievance of France and defy her resentment. The French government is not only imitating Bismarck, but it is improving on his example. It is building up and maintaining an irresistible army and a protective system of military alliances, while at the same time it takes advantage of the helplessness of Germany to inflict on the German people all manner of humiliations and wrongs. Germany under the cover of the military occupation and the demand for reparations is gradually being ruined in mind and body. A policy which has the result of frustrating the life of a whole people is a policy of war carried on in time of peace. It is indelibly and poisonously militaristic.

If the French government continues to pursue a policy toward Germany which in effect denies to the German people the essentials of life and liberty, the French nation is bound in mere self-protection to become more rather than less militaristic. The greater and the longer the wrongs and the humiliations of Germany, the more necessary it will be for France to safeguard herself at any cost against natural and inevitable German resentment. The complacent idea that as the intensity of war emotion subsides France will act and feel more considerately towards Germany is an illusion. If France were not doing so much injury to Germany, her state of mind would undoubtedly move in the direction of reconciliation, but Frenchmen will not dare to become conciliatory and pacific in their attitude towards Germany until they modify their policy and allow the German nation to be consulted about its future destiny. If Germany is not a nation of criminals, there is no sufficient justification for the French policy. So Germany must be a nation of criminals, and the French army exists for the purpose of overcoming any doubts which the Germans and any other people may entertain as to the truth of this fact and the inferences which the French government deduces from it. In short that aspect of the French state of mind which renders French diplomacy so unpopular and unsuccessful at peace conferences is the only state of mind from which the existing policy of the French government can spring. As long as it prevails, the French government would do well to declare frankly its want of sympathy with plans for reconciliation and appeasement and its refusal to participate in conferences which are summoned in the interest of European reunion.

A Visit from Maurice Donnay

A FRENCH Academician, the distinguished giver of a course of lectures on Molière, comes over from France to a meeting that the American Academy of Arts and Letters is holding in Molière's honor, three hundred years after his birth. Described in these words, the occasion to be celebrated on the twenty-third of the month looks like one example more of conformity to type, or even to stereotype. Appearances may be false alarms, however, and perhaps they are this time, for this time our Academy's French guest is M. Maurice Donnay. Could we have a more agreeable instance of contrast between the orthodoxy that official labels seem ready to go bail for and the uniqueness, so undulant and so diverse, that they cannot hide?

Yet in one particular M. Donnay is more like the average French savant than he would have us believe. He has exaggerated the difference between a savant's learning and his own. At the outset of his lectures on Molière, delivered eleven years ago, he disclaims erudition, modestly announces that he is acquainted with only too few of all those books and articles on Molière that no man can read in less than three years. In reality his Molière is a sufficiently learned book. M. Donnay has explored the sources, such as they are, he has threaded his way through every relevant controversy, he has made up his mind or decided to leave it open on all the knotty questions. The lightness with which he carries his learning is deceptive. He would prefer us to think the load very small. And his lectures are so unforced, they imitate the naturalness of good talk so closely, that there is some danger of our being taken in by his modesty.

M. Donnay's book has in addition another variety of ease. Veneration leaves his hand as light as ever. He is persuaded that genius need lose nothing of greatness by being seen as a man in the act of living, as a husband not groundlessly jealous, as an invalid who mistrusts doctors, as a playwright at work. To pass from biography to exposition and back again seems the simplest thing in the world as M. Donnay does it. Molière made his plays out of what he had observed and detested, out of what he dreaded and hoped for and was suffering, and sometimes out of his wish to write himself parts in which he could make people laugh. M. Donnay, while keeping us aware that Molière is one of the greatest dramatists in the world, never raises his voice to tell us so. In English even Mr. Lytton Strachey, who has been at ease in so many Zions, writes about Molière as if in almost every

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sentence he were a little afraid we might suspect him of forgetting that he and we are in the presence of greatness. His head is thrown somewhat resolutely back, he is determined that his every look at so out-topping a dramatist shall be unmistakably a lifting of his eyes to the hills. In M. Donnay's book there is no strain.

Andrew Lang thought it was a "foul calumny" to say that Molière's wife was the daughter of his mistress. An indignation so shocked and outraged is scarcely to be expected of the man who wrote L'Autre Danger. Replying not to Lang, but to a French critic, M. Chardon, M. Donnay asks what right we have to judge Molière? Can we know how it all happened? Perhaps Molière had fallen in love before he found out that Armande Béjart was Madeleine's daughter—in which case, M. Donnay thinks, the discovery came "too late." Was Armande unfaithful to her husband? Well, she was young, Molière was twenty years older, it was springtime in the Ile-de-France, adultery was in the air of Versailles, there was Lulli's music, she had many suitors. If Armande was unfaithful, if she did fall, it was "upon the very handsomest bed of extenuating circumstances." This pervasive indulgence, which comes as easily as wit to M. Donnay, may dispose his American readers to think he has rubbed out the line which divides right from wrong, and there is much in his own plays to deepen the impression on readers who are determined to keep it. But it is a false impression. His morality, although as different from ours as from Molière's own, is all there. He hates egotism and callousness. He loves men and women—especially women—who are considerate of other people, who are imaginative enough to realize how other people feel. His morality consists partly in not giving pain, and partly in understanding, when someone has made us suffer, how the thing happened.

The men and women of gentle will whom M. Donnay has put into his plays express themselves with droll tenderness, with wistful irony, in banter that is somehow exquisite, in wit that runs up and down the scale from esprit facile to wit of the rarest kind. The one right they all have in common is the right to love and to stop loving, the one gift they all share is a gift of speaking with grace. The right to stop loving cannot often be exercised without inflicting wounds, but how much they would like these wounds not to leave scars! How unlike they are to the coarser egotists with whom M. Donnay has surrounded them, and whom he could not have etched more sharply if he had mixed more acid with his blague! There is no ferocity in his caricatures or his satire, but they both bite. And though his plays are all a good deal alike in moral color, in their rather fatigued knowledge of the world, and in the comic force of their details, though each of them reminds us that dialogue can draw lovely little vignettes without losing the gait of talk, M. Donnay has obviously had the artist's wish not to repeat himself.

Opinions may differ as to whether the form that this wish has taken has had the happiest results. Foreign readers and spectators, at any rate, are not so fond of La Patronne and Paraître, where social criticism seems to have been intended, as of their predecessors; of L'Autre Danger, for example, of which Madame Bartet said that one loves the play as if it were a person; of the later acts of La Douloureuse and the first act of L'Affranchie; of the fou rire—is there an exact equivalent in English?—excited by La Bascule and Education de Prince. And perhaps the best loved of all M. Donnay's plays is still Amants, which M. Bourget has compared to a picture by Watteau, and which has kept its magic fresh through the years, can still make us believe that even on the Paris boulevards one may embark for Cythera, if one does not go alone.

An Imperialistic Tariff

PERHAPS nothing more was to be expected of the Republicans than just such an aggregation of commercial obstructions as the Senate tariff bill represents. They were washed into power on a wave of discontent with the diplomacy and international policies of the Democratic party. Their majority is vast and ill assorted. A good proportion of those who voted the Republican ticket have strong protectionist leanings, no doubt. They expected Congress and the Senate to see to it that the American commercial structure should not be seriously shaken by any dumping policy that might be inaugurated by our European rivals. The tariff-makers in the Senate have interpreted this vague protectionist emotion as a mandate for letting every special interest in the country have just as high protection as it wanted.

Take the agricultural duties, for example. Do these exhibit the least trace of a statecraft which is solicitous of the national interest? They correspond no doubt to the wishes of farmers who are too busy farming to find time to think out the process by which agricultural prices are fixed at a level which does not afford them a living income. The price of corn is too low. They demand a tariff, and the Senate obliges them with a duty of fifteen cents a bushel. The price of wheat is too

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low; the Senate offers a duty of thirty cents a bushel. Cattle under 1,050 pounds will pay a duty of a dollar and a half a hundred; cattle of over that weight will pay two dollars a hundred, if the Senate bill becomes law. Fresh beef and veal will pay three and one-half cents a pound; mutton, two and one-half cents; pork three-quarters of a cent. The American farmer is to enjoy exceptional protection in his reindeer production —four cents a pound. By some oversight no adequate provision is made for the protection of the producers of musk oxen, yaks, and zebus. They will have to content themselves with the twenty percent ad valorem applied to "other meats."

Is there any real question as to how these duties will operate? Take the fine of fifteen cents a bushel for bringing in corn. Who would bring in corn and from where? As it stands that duty is the purest delusion in the whole schedule. The thirty cents on wheat is not a delusion, but something worse. It will keep Canadian wheat from crossing the border and being milled in appropriate mixture with our own wheat. It will harass and injure a limited body of Canadian wheat growers who live in transportation pockets opening only into our territory. But it will not raise the general price in the United States nor depress the Canadian price, because both prices are directly related to the British market and will continue to be so as long as we produce a surplus for export. Farthest from being innocuous are the meat duties. They will enable the packers to charge higher prices in the local markets. Beef from Canada and the Argentine, mutton from Canada and New Zealand will be kept off the seabord markets, to the considerable relief of the packers. But this beef and mutton will still be produced and sold in the European markets, where our own packers will have to sell their surplus for what they can get. And what they can get for their surplus will determine pretty accurately what they will have to pay the farmer for live animals.

A high price at home and a low price abroad for surplus exports—that is the regime that the agricultural duties will usher in. The regime is one whose benefits always go to those who hold a monopoly position—the packer, the middleman, but never the farmer. The same regime is aimed at in the industrial duties. We are to have increased duties all along the line on iron and steel products. To keep out iron and steel wares produced abroad at lower costs? There are very few iron and steel wares that cannot be produced more cheaply here than anywhere else. Our iron and steel manufacturers were able to meet British and German competition before the war. They are better able to do so now, since in both England and Germany the productiveness of labor is lower, relatively to wages, than it was before the war. The duties are not needed to insure our producers their control over the domestic market. All that they are needed for is to make possible high prices at home in America and cut throat prices abroad.

The war has left our industrial rivals battered and anaemic. Is it strange that our industrial leaders should find this a favorable occasion to go out after the commercial hegemony of the world? We have the greater part of the world's financial resources. We have an unlimited supply of what is the cheapest labor in the world, when efficiency is taken into account. If our manufacturers can pursue the policy of selling at a loss in every foreign market where our rivals appear to be making progress, why can we not eventually rule the world industrially? Our manufacturers can afford to sell at a loss abroad, provided they are enabled to charge monopoly prices at home. And that is what the present plans of the Republicans would enable them to do.

As for ordinary Americans, the employees in commerce and industry, the farmers, and the small shopkeepers—what will they get out of the policy of commercial imperialism? They will get the bills. They will also get a contingent claim upon the fruits of the national hostilities that will arise when "Made in America" has come to stand as a symbol for monopoly and sharp practice. Or they would, if any such scheme of commercial imperialism could long survive. It cannot. So long as the tariff is being debated in Congress only the prospective beneficiaries take any real interest in it. After it becomes law the average voter will discover that the new shoe pinches him frightfully. And he will have something to say about the length of time he will wear it.

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Boston

I. What Has Happened to Her?

THE city of Boston, which is in Massachusetts, has secured the spotlight of national attention a number of times in the past few years. Almost every time the news about her which has broken out in a front-page rash in the newspapers has been of a sort unfavorable to her reputation as a community.

To begin with what Mr. Average American regards as the worst of her blemishes, there was the police strike. Surely, says the non-Bostonian reader, when the guardians of law and order abandon the city to its fate—no matter how legitimate their grievance—the foundations of the community are shaken. Then there was Ponzi and his home-blown Mississippi bubble; who would have dreamed that the land of the close-fisted Puritan could produce a generation capable of being so easily gulled out of its painfully-acquired savings?

A little earlier, the news borne down by the north-east wind from Boston was of Orgies. . . . It seems that the Bostonian, instead of spending his evenings sitting close behind the Lowell pew at Lowell Institute lectures, turns his attention to Orgies in Road-houses, reached by Joy-rides in Limousines. Astonishing! But before the Orgies have even ceased to reverberate inside our heads, they have turned up in court as one incident in a scandal of even more gorgeous proportions. One discovers that the whole administration of justice in Boston is under suspicion because of a system of wholesale graft built up around the offices of the several district attorneys within the metropolitan area. People have been paying money to have cases against them dropped; and sometimes these cases had been trumped up for that very purpose. First one district attorney, then another, is under charges of mis-, mal- and nonfeasance; the fight splits the town down the middle and the headline reader notes that it has become an even chance whether the grafting ring will be turned out, or will itself triumph over the forces of law and order. The attorney-general of the state is indicted (though it must be said that no one takes his indictment very seriously). Finally, in a municipal election a man unanimously opposed by all the professional Respectables, and many of the Disrespectables, is elected mayor—a man with a prison record—albeit, a record some distance back in his youth.

These things happening in Philadelphia or New York or Chicago would perhaps hardly seem a phenomenon of any great moment. But the nation is genuinely shocked to find them occurring in the home of Puritanism, the cradle in America of that Anglo-Saxon tradition which is still the backbone of our culture. Therefore, the question becomes pertinent: What has happened to Boston? Is she in her old age sowing the wild oats for which she had not time in her busy, prosperous and psalm-singing youth? Or has she developed a new decay, some novel municipal disease, the taint of which may be expected ere long in other communities?

It should be said at once that two explanations of their city are offered by Bostonians. The first, which is interesting but too broad for the scope of a journalistic inquiry, is that Boston is sharing in a nationwide retrogression in civic morality, induced by a variety of causes. The second thesis, and the one with which we shall concern ourselves in this series of articles, is that the particular factor in Boston accounting for the present state of her circumstances, is the Irish.

For a hundred years, immigrants have been coming to Boston from Ireland. As a result of this migration, which reached its flood during the period after the Civil War and has now dwindled away to nothing, the Irish are by far the most important racial element in the city. Not only do they greatly outnumber any other alien stock, but within the corporate limits of Boston proper, they much exceed in numbers the Yankees themselves (many of whom, though they do business in Boston, have their homes in outlying suburbs and thereby lose their votes).

The Yankee Bostonian flatly attributes what he calls (with equal flatness) the decay of Boston's public morals, to control by the Irish. The latter dominate municipal politics to such an extent that when the sons of the Puritans decide to enter the lists against them, the process consists in selecting the least undesirable Irish candidate and trying to break the ranks of his countrymen. The most race conscious inhabitants of the Back Bay will admit that they know plenty of Irishmen who are the finest of fellows, and that scallawags sometimes occur among the Yankees. Nevertheless, they stick to their thesis that if the Irish had never come, it is fair to suppose that the tone of the city would be as it was from 1620 to 1820; in other words, altogether desirable.

As for the Irish side of the story, it is difficult to get them to express it with the concrete specifications which the Anglo-Saxons readily produce. The suppressed minority is always more vocal than

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those who are on top. In general, it may be said that they deny any moral decay in Boston which surpasses the moral decay evident in all other large communities in America. They believe their government is quite as good as Boston has any need of; and if the Yankees don't like it, the Yankees may walk into the Charles in battalion formation and drown themselves.

As for control of the city, they make a telling point when they observe that the financial and industrial power remains in the hands of the Yankees, who have never relaxed their hold on the natural resources or the chief commercial enterprises of Massuchusetts. They are correct in this contention; which, however, leads us to a further and equally interesting problem: Is there a degeneration in the Yankee stock itself, quite apart from the curtailment of its activities because of the encroachment of the Kelt? The Yankee in Boston, or at least the Yankee who is socially dominant and therefore most heard of, is two, three or more generations removed from the man who had the pioneering spirit, amassed at least the nucleus of a fortune, and founded the family. It is a not unfamiliar phenomenon for such a descendant to be of somewhat softer fibre than his forebears. Is this true in Boston, and does it account in part for the submergence of the Yankee and the rise of the Irish who came—or are the children of men who came—in shirt-sleeves to do the dirtiest manual labor?

These, I think you will agree, are interesting questions; also, they are questions about which no one has the right to produce theories not founded on first-hand observation on the spot. In this series of articles I shall attempt to do no more than to record the results of such observation, and to set down as accurately as may be the facts and opinions deduced from Bostonians seined up in my journalistic net and examined as specimens.

It is a fascinating quest; and a somewhat sad one for any American brought up under the shadow of the New England tradition. Many of us who never set a foot on Boston streets until we were grown men, had learned in childhood to love the town; and must now recognize that the town we loved is no more. That Boston was not so much a place as a state of mind—it was the Boston of polysyllabic infants and codfish-and-baked-bean Sunday breakfasts; the Boston where they fired at the whites of their eyes on Bunker Hill and the lanterns were hung in the church to start Paul Revere on that easily-memorized ride. To spread her mantle a little, geographically but not spiritually, one may say that it was the Boston of Emerson, Thoreau, Longfellow, Holmes, the Boston which in the days when the Atlantic Monthly was young was the unquestioned intellectual autocrat of the country. Physically, to be sure, old Boston still exists. All the guide books will tell you where and how to find and admire her twisted streets, her alleys arched in with stone as the green boughs arch a path in the forest, the threadbare but dignified Common, where, so tradition says, the murdered Quakers lie in unmarked graves beneath the satin-clad feet of the little stenographers hurrying to and fro at lunch-time. ("Those Quakers were legally executed," the child of the Puritan still insists to this day.) But the physical persistence is illusion; the spirit is altered. The old Boston which is no more, built and owned America's merchant marine, when she had one; and after some vulgar grubber in the bowels of the earth found there a noxious fluid to give a better light than the poor whale could offer, turned her expanding fortunes to other uses and built the railroads of the nation, or a large part of them. In that Boston, proud, and haughty in her pride, the first public statue was erected to Aristides the Just; the Athens of America would undo the wrong done by the fatigued citizens of the earlier Athens to a true Bostonian born out of his time. (The fact that the statue was a present from an adopted son of the city alters the moral values of the incident no whit.) Boston knew that she would last forever, and that she was called upon to rectify the errors of all past generations. Both these notions linger in some Boston minds today—but in such mild and diffused form that they merely tinge the conversation like the odor of sandalwood barely perceptible in a shuttered old drawing-room on Beacon Hill.

One who goes and looks at Boston to find out what immigration has done to her, should make his visit in a purely pragmatic spirit. He should not seek to set up moral values in one type of civilization or the other, except as such values may be found in the practical results of each. So far as one who is not an historian can gather by looking timidly into books, there is still some dispute as to whether civilizations rise and fall on their merits or by accident. It needs a bold commentator nowadays to attempt to read moral lessons into the decay even of the great empires of antiquity; while as for our own experiment, it is still in full swing. No episode of American life is yet quite completed; and certainly none is sufficiently remote in time to permit cocksure judgments about it. The best we can do is to attempt a utilitarian appraisal of men and measures as they march. At any rate, such will be my purpose in recording what I have found in Boston.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

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The Fifth Age of Man

> And then the justice,
> In fair round belly with good capon lined,
> With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
> Full of wise saws and modern instances;
> And so he plays his part.
>
> As You Like It. II. VII.

SOME things they seem to have managed better in the days of Shakespeare. The fifth age of man—middle age—for example: does the picture leave any doubt as to the inner life of this justice? It was colored with a sense of mastery, of full functioning, of certainty of judgment and security of respect. I know modern justices who do not lack in point of beard of formal cut or of fair round belly; I know doctors and lawyers, journalists and professors, administrators and engineers, successful men, each in his way, men of sound health and sturdy intelligence. I know much and can infer more of their inner life. It is not suffused with Shakespearean sunlight. No, indeed: their skies are overcast and chill. There is a bleak atmosphere that hangs around the office of the court appointee who is acting as receiver for a once flourishing enterprise. Coldly, languidly, he sells out piece after piece of property, to dissipate the skimpy proceeds in the partial extinction of past debts. When he is through with his work, there is nothing left but a tedious memory. Just so with most of the present day representatives of man's fifth age. They comport themselves as receivers, receivers for their own lives, their hopes and ambitions. Scant seem the proceeds, and all absorbing the debts, and what lies behind is retirement, old age and stale oblivion.

There are exceptions, it will immediately be asserted. To be sure there are, and a lot of them. The fact is, the exceptions lie very near the heart of my argument. Which is, that when any period of life prevailingly lacks color and hope and buoyancy, the cause lies in the cultural medium in which we live, not in the period of life itself. Shakespeare's well fed justice is not regretting the swaggering soldier, the sighing lover, the whining schoolboy or the puling infant of his earlier incarnations. The several acts in the drama of life might each be wrought out fully. Which is best ought to be a profitless inquiry, so long as the drama is good as a whole. But for the mass of mankind one act or another is likely to be scamped in the general scheme of social life. It must be terrible to be a boy in China, where there is no ground not in carefully tended garden, no swimming hole not given over to raising ducks, no dogs that are not sleepy and edible, and ten thousand characters to learn. It must be terrible to be a lover, with the old men knotting up one's heart strings with their deft, cold fingers. But life is sweet and savoury to the elders, by the progress of the suns at last endowed with power and unlimited respect. Here in America, at least in the characteristic rural and village America, the lot of the boy is glorious. So too that of the youth, whether collegian or village dandy. Nor is there much that needs to be added to the good things that fall to early maturity: marriage and the making of a home; increasing mastery of the material of one's business or profession or art; growing reputation, pecuniary and social success. But after that, the plateau of middle age: what provision have we for that stage of life? The mood prevailing in it is the test; and the prevailing mood is gray.

As I have already admitted, however, there are abundant exceptions, and these are the better part of my proof that not nature, but social institutions have thrown a pall of depression over middle age. Let us then examine closely the conditions in which these exceptions appear. As there are no statistics in this field I am forced to proceed by analysis of types.

My friend, Mr. X., was formerly a college professor. As I knew him in the later years of his teaching period, although he still counted as a brilliant and stimulating teacher, he confessed that he was, in his own soul, half dead and half alive. But since then he has been made president of a very ambitious and quarrelsome college. His eye has grown bright and his step has quickened. He looks and acts like a man of abounding vitality, although for years he had dodged drafts and pecked at his food in dark green suspicion. You will say, doubtless, that the increase in power and dignity has broken down inferiority complexes and restored to him the harmony upon which health is based. What he says himself is that forty-five is old for a teacher and young for a college president. Nothing in that? Let us not be in a hurry to decide.

I present another case. Mrs. M. has been known for many years as a most charming conversationalist, a most agreeable hostess. In the more intimate concerns of her life she has been highly successful: her realm has been one of order and peace, within which her children have grown up like fair young saplings in the shelter of sturdy and generous branched, but not light engrossing trees. Yet for a number of years her friends had observed an air of listlessness and sadness about her. Two or three years ago she became interested in the cooperative movement, and organized a little store, where now she presides over a dis-

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play of cheap but wholesome food stuffs, over pyramids of soap and packages of washing soda. The cooperators, as is their nature, grumble because the good things are too dear and the cheap things not good enough, and tell her with feigned impassiveness of the superior bargains they have found in the chain stores. Behind her back, as she knows, they say she must be diverting many a nice profit to herself; probably her husband isn't so rich as he is said to be. She has infinite trials with wholesalers who won't supply her, or wish to discriminate against her. And the public opinion of her circle is dead against her continuing in the enterprise. Yet she looks fresh and buoyant and says she never was so happy in her life. Are you going to say that she has realized a suppressed wish for independent pecuniary activity? Say it if you please, or anything else you please, provided that you recognize the fact that she looks fresher and stronger and feels more contented than she has in many years.

Shall I go on and introduce you to the school teacher revivified by going over to the practice of medicine; the preacher restored to good flesh and good complexion by opening a successful advertising agency; the jaundiced lawyer turned into an enthusiastic boy as a breeder of high grade cattle? Shall I dilate on the curious phenomenon of partial revivification—the man who is stiff and middle aged in his vocation but young and elastic in his avocation or hobby? Or may I take it for granted that the reader knows as many examples as I do? I think I may. And so let us proceed at once to reflect upon causes.

Some things that help to give life its color, are of course irrevocably gone when life passes its meridian. Sex attraction, and the excitements directly and indirectly connected with it, have weakened and paled. And if love makes up so much of life as the poets assume, the case is lost. The fifth age of man is too late for the most vivid experience and too early for forgetfulness. But set aside the rare souls who are perpetually aglow: the rest of mankind take most of the color of their lives from their work, in the widest sense of the term. One's work is attractive and succeeds: it is hard to be sad. One's work is a bore and a failure: even the golden throned Aphrodite has no adequate remedies for this malady, if one is of common clay. It is when a man has surmounted the difficult beginnings, and gains a sense of increasing mastery over his materials or conditions of work that he appears most elastic in spirit, most active and vigorous. And with most men this condition appears to be characteristic of the period from twenty-five to thirty-five.

That is not difficult to explain. Take any simple act, like shooting with the long bow, so carefully analyzed by Professor Watson in his Psychology. At first your record is a disgraceful series of misses, but you rapidly get nearer to the bull's eye. You continue to improve, but the rate of your improvement is not so marked in the second thousand shots as in the first, nor so marked in the third as in the second. Short of perfection there is no absolute limit on your performance. But you never attain to perfection. Instead, you reach a level—a plateau, Watson calls it—where your percentage of hits and misses remains just about the same. Keep it up long enough and your percentage will decline, I surmise. Why? Because your muscular coordination becomes less exact with time, your eye less clear? No: but because you lose interest. When you found yourself making two hits out of ten where a month earlier you made one, you were keenly alive to the possibilities of improvement. When you make eight and one-tenth as compared with a former eight and one-twentieth your zeal begins to flag. You can't continue that rate of increase long without losing the interest essential to further improvement. You are reaching your level, the level which defines the limits of your own personality, so far as it may find expression in this form of activity.

The arts by which men make their living are much more complicated; but analyze them into their constituent elements and you can see the same influence at work. Some of these elements are quickly mastered; others admit of only slow improvement and require years of practice before the plateau of approximate perfection is reached. Besides, the artist or professional man is often delayed in his technical advance by the want of material that afflicts those who have their reputations to make and their finances to establish. But sooner or later the majority of the constituent elements are carried to the plateau of practical perfection and then trend downward, although improvement in other elements is still taking place. A time comes when a doctor, a lawyer, a sculptor, a writer, is on the whole as good as he is ever going to be. His personality finds as full expression in his work as it ever will. And when he becomes conscious of this a sense of his limitations begins to weigh upon him.

With those whose technique of work is simple, the time of arriving at the plateau, the middle age of work, will be earlier than with those whose technique is complex. It will arrive earlier for the accountant than for the newspaper reporter; earlier for the reporter than for the novelist. For the homemaking woman it will arrive around the

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time when the fledglings leave the nest; for the woman lecturer it is likely to arrive somewhat earlier, when she has passed out of the phase of experimenting with her own powers and has reconciled herself to meeting the fairly static needs of large audiences. I shall not dogmatize about the precise point of time. With most persons, I believe, it arrives somewhere between the fortieth and fiftieth year, though often it may fall much earlier and sometimes may be postponed to the end of a long life, as in the case of Sophocles, Voltaire and Tolstoy.

What is the escape from the ennui of the plateau and the gloom of the approaching downward slope? Why, the acquisition of a new technique. You have no longer a sense of improving in your art or profession? Then set out to achieve a new one. That is of course what the justice of Shakespeare's lines did. If he had stuck to soldiering he would have become merely a disillusioned colonel. That is what the college professor did in assuming the work of college president. Look at the men and women you know who have escaped depression and a sense of futility in middle age. Are not most of them busily engaged in attaining a new technique of work? As a rule it has been thrust upon them, by conditions they did not aim at directly. That does not, however, affect the argument. Most remedies for ills are hit upon by accident.

You are a disillusioned lawyer of forty-five. If only you had been an architect, you sigh. Well, why not make yourself an architect? You are a woman of forty-five; your children are in college, and most of the homekeeping activities to which you devoted your last twenty years are becoming pointless. If only you had a profession! Well, why not achieve one?

Because it is too difficult to secure the training? Why is it difficult? It is commonly believed that it is much harder to learn anything at forty-five than at twenty. It may be; but the fact is, the proof is wanting. No scientific studies have been made showing just what the real disabilities of the middle aged learner are. There is no doubt, however, that we greatly exaggerate them. It is harder for middle aged rats to learn a maze, according to Dr. Watson, than it is for young ones. But the point is, all rats can learn the maze, however old. If we humans could get over the tabus that circumscribe the ages of man, we could learn at a later age most things we could have learned earlier—except toe dancing and bodily contortions. At the later age one's attention may not be so keen, but it is not so likely to be drawn away by the sound of a martial step or rustling skirt. Neither is it likely to be concentrated so exclusively upon the points of personal advantage. How many of the broader, more socially valuable elements in the technique of law, of medicine, of art and architecture did we not scamp, in our twenties, because they did not bear directly upon our personal fortunes? And thereby we missed some of the most powerful of the interests that impel one to effort. We should act more wisely, at the later age, and in so far, more effectively. Most important of all, we know better what we most desire to do, at the later age, and are in so far less likely to invest our abilities in vocations incapable of commanding our full interest.

But is it worth while to make the effort for the little time that remains of life? How little is it, really, and how far inferior to what could be counted on at an earlier age? At twenty-five a young man says, I have fifty years ahead of me. But he hasn't; at each age one has only the statistical expectation of life, which is for native white males of twenty-five, 39. 43 years; for native white females, 41.84. At forty, one feels that his years have shrunk by fifteen. Not so, the shrinkage for males is 11.10; for females 11.51. By fifty one's expectation of life has not shrunk by another ten years, but by 7.13 for males and 7.55 for females. At fifty you still have 21.20 years if you are a man, 22.78 if you are a woman. And you can add five or even ten years to that if you make your life creative and worth preserving.

You can acquire a new technique; you can attain to your level of approximate perfection in it; you have plenty of time to exercise it, even though you set about it at forty or forty-five. But it might be regarded as a freakish thing to do. You wouldn't have the stimulus that goes with a mass movement in that direction. You haven't the active motive that would make the project seem worth while. Let all that be agreed. But that is to admit my thesis. It is not hardened arteries, a weighted waist line, reduced glandular activities that cast a pall over the fifth age of man. These are realities, but as much effect as cause. The dominant cause is a tabu felt by the individual and erected into a rule of conduct; a tabu crystallized out of a culture that makes no fit provision for this act in the life of man. It is a tabu that could be broken, a condition that could be removed, if men and women could be found to do the pioneering. And when psychology has established by plotted curves the enormous discrepancy between the real and the putative disabilities of advancing years we shall doubtless find the pioneers to lay the foundations of a supplementary culture which shall make proper use of the middle time of life.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

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The Hope of Genoa

THE fortunes of the Genoa Conference are already a romance in several languages and volumes. Reversing the engine is apt to be a shattering operation, and in two countries already it has upset the pilot. M. Briand and Signor Bonomi were knocked off their seats at the first attempt. Mr. Lloyd George has just contrived to hold on. The oddest part of the business is that the one statesman whose tenure of power seems quite secure, is precisely the man whom the civilized world has hitherto refused to recognize as the head of a stable and regular government. Lenin with that famous ironical smile watches the whole complex game from the Kremlin, and the chances are that he will still be watching it when all the Allied protagonists have disappeared.

When Mr. Lloyd George first unrolled his program of restoration at Cannes, he startled many of his habitual English critics, myself among them, into something like enthusiastic applause. This mobile personality seemed somehow to have reverted to the incarnation familiar to us all in the days before the Great War. If his conduct in the election of 1918 and in the Irish campaign of repression had touched an abyss of degradation without a parallel in the modern history of our country, he also seemed capable of a largeness of imagination, a generosity of repentance, a subtlety and a swiftness of action which render him unique. No other statesman could have made a better Irish settlement, and I at least feel no conviction that anyone on the Opposition benches would have done so well. The chances are that most of them, from lack of courage or poverty of imagination, would have done much worse. For a moment one felt tempted to argue that since the sinister patron of the Black and Tans had created the Irish Free State, so the notorious author of the Versailles Treaty might restore Europe. He certainly meant to do it. During a radiant fortnight, the far horizon glittered with schemes which bore the authentic imprint of his imagination.

Scarcely had we opened our bosoms to these comforting hopes of reconciliation, disarmament, and economic restoration, than we were reminded that if Mr. George is rapid in conception, he is also swift in retreat. He surrendered much at Cannes, but elusive as he is, one still thought that he might see a chink through which he could insinuate some of his banned schemes at Genoa. At Boulogne he encountered the precise and methodical M. Poincaré. The chinks were sedulously sealed up. There could be no revision of the Treaties at Genoa, no tampering with the sacred indemnity, and no discussion of disarmament. So these hopes were gone. There was one still to lose. If Genoa could do nothing substantial for Central Europe, if it served only to register the vanity of Mr. George's repentance for his wrecker's work at Versailles, it might still achieve something for Russia.

Some of us have realized throughout these abnormal years that Russia is an integral part of the economic organism of Europe. Mr. George himself has realized it, as his manner is, in fitful moments of vision. In normal pre-war years, the Russian grain surplus supplied half the needs of Europe. When you had a bad harvest in America, our English importation of wheat from Russia far exceeded our Atlantic supplies. The cessation of this Russian food supply goes far to explain why Central Europe is still on short commons. It explains much more. It explains among other things in some degree why all the European exchanges are sick and it is a large part of the explanation of the depreciation of sterling. We cannot pay the farmer of America for his grain in our goods. Your tariffs force us to pay in gold. Russia, on the other hand, was the natural market for our machinery and our manufactures, and still more for those of Germany. The ideal of a sound commercial system would be to restore this mutually advantageous intercourse of West-European manufactures for the raw produce and grain of Russia. Seven years of interruption have not sufficed to obliterate the memory of what this trade had meant for Europe. Genoa, even when most of our hopes had been jettisoned, still held out one great promise—the restoration of a Continent's unity. That means transport: it means credit: it means a stable legal system; but above all, it means political recognition.

Realists who grasp the fundamentals of this Russian problem are sometimes slow to see the importance of political recognition. I was slow myself to see it, and I think that American liberals have been slower still. Why should we not start right away, as the New Republic once proposed, through the Russian cooperatives, the direct exchange of western goods for Russian produce? It can be done. It is being done on a small scale from England, and the volume of trade does increase in an encouraging way from month to month. But on the basis of direct barter, the tide of trade will be very slow. "Well," I can hear the business mind replying, "let her go slowly then. In proportion as she puts her own house in order and learns to produce, will she be able to import from abroad." This has a ring of good sense. To me who have seen the devastation of Russia it sounds like arrant folly. It seemed to me pos-

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sible when I left Russia in September, 1920, that with great good luck, with continued peace, by heroic efforts and with terrible privations, she might just contrive to restore herself, very slowly, even with little aid from the outer world. Two successive years of drought upset that hesitating calculation, which even then may have been too sanguine. The Volga famine has upset any prospect that Russia might recover, even slowly, without ample foreign aid. I do not wish to unsay anything which I wrote about the dynamics of the revolution, and its terrific force of will. I may have overestimated this human force, and underestimated the difficulties. But the famine in any event has destroyed all possibility of an unaided recovery. If Russia, if any part of Russia, has a surplus of any kind this year, or for years to come, it is all mortgaged to restore the desert on the Volga. The pace of ruin is now much more rapid than the pace of restoration and repair. These things are cumulative. You may go on for two or three years mending a creaking machine, as Russians will, with string and bits of wood, but in the fourth year it defies even the Russian gift of improvization. You may, then, go on for a time by making one sound engine from the whole parts of two or three sick engines, but your supply diminishes rapidly, and each engine has to work too hard. No, the task of restoring Russia is, in a sentence, the task of supplying promptly and in the mass all that she ought to have imported during these seven years in the way of mining, industrial, transport and agricultural machinery, to say nothing of nails and screws, scythes and saws. In addition to this, some influx of manufactured goods is desirable, if not necessary, in order to stimulate the energies of the peasants.

Plainly, then, if Russia is to be restored at all before she sinks back into the barbarism of the eighteenth century, she must be helped on a credit basis. She must be able to import at once machinery and tools which she will be able to pay for only gradually in the next five or ten years. No credit operation of any magnitude is possible, however, for an unrecognized government. The reason is simple. Every traveller who returns from Russia reports that the Soviet government is stable: that there is no force which can overthrow it; and further that with all its manifest faults (for it is as despotic as Tsardom in method, though it may exercise its dictatorship for the benefit of the masses), its overthrow is not desirable, since it would lead to hopeless anarchy. Now if the present régime were recognized, its eventual successor would be responsible for its debts. It comes to this then, that Russia must borrow if she is to live, and she cannot borrow till she has a recognized government.

It had appeared from the proceedings at Cannes that the main business of the Genoa Conference would be to define and negotiate the conditions on which the Moscow government would be recognized. They will not be unduly easy terms. Russia is in dire need, and one cannot expect capitalism to be chivalrous towards its enemy. The bargain will be struck, not from any philanthropic softening towards Russians, but for the good reason that we ourselves need Russia only somewhat less urgently than she needs us. But at the last moment this hope also is clouded. I am writing before the debate in Parliament in which Mr. Lloyd George, after endless manoeuvres and intrigues, will move a vote of confidence in himself. I will not attempt to guess whether the "wizard" will succeed once more in weaving his old spells. I should predict but a very partial success, if I had to prophesy. But the hard fact is, that on the eve of this debate, a threat of resignation from Mr. Churchill, the most implacable of Russia's enemies, brought the Tory Die-Hards an invaluable reinforcement. Mr. Churchill tried to put his veto on any official recognition of Russia. Mr. George fell back upon a compromise suggested some weeks ago by Mr. Benes. It is, that if all goes well at Genoa, if debts are acknowledged and the conditions of the capitalistic world accepted, Russia shall not be recognized immediately, but shall be put on a period of "probation." It was a disastrous inspiration. I can imagine nothing more likely to wreck the whole conference. But if Russia should be driven to bow to it, it means, of course, a further delay before she can borrow. It means more than this. She will still be an outlaw, exposed to attack. She will still hesitate to demobilize her army fully. Above all, with the hungry Volga valley crying out for food, for seed for next autumn, for horses and cattle and clothing, for succor for the orphans and medicines to check the epidemics, it means that Russia will be unable to raise even a famine loan. To delay recognition even for six months may be to doom millions to die. The comedy of our party politics, with all the diverting play of suspicions and loyalties round the mobile figure of our Premier, may be the direst and grimmest of tragedies in its impact on the Volga valley. Europe is terribly united; so much is she a single organism that a midnight decision of our Cabinet in Downing Street may speed ts presage of death to a thousand villages in Russia. We are united, and for this high destiny we are unfit.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

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The Figure of Grant

I

THERE never was a plainer hero. He was not even exceptional enough to suggest the word uncouth. That has been appropriated by Lincoln. Grant was merely ordinary. He belongs neither to the typical bourgeoisie nor to the proletariat. Not to the bourgeoisie because Old Hundred was his only tune and the parlor centre-table held all his books. Not to the proletariat for his father was a tanner and he himself boasted a West Point education. He was neither cultured nor outlandish. He chose a street-car to transport the theatre party he assembled to celebrate his promotion to the rank of chief commander of the West. Mr. Dana wrote to Boston: "He does not march nor quite walk but pitches along as if the next step would bring him on his nose." He drank himself out of a captaincy. He failed not only at farming but at real estate. Had it not been for the war, Mr. Anderson might well have drawn his portrait in The Triumph of the Egg. Had it not been for the war, he would have remained a taciturn clerk in a country store "sitting whittling at the stove," unloading hides, "slouching back into the store," washing with a cake of brown soap. Even the war has not blurred that picture much. The stained flannel shirt in which he received the nobly attired Lee at Appomattox belongs in it. So does the cigar which, while President, he sucked on in the streets of the capital. So do his plain and illiterate pals, only they have become a "staff." He seemed a disillusioned pioneer, reduced to shuffling around out-of-the-way corners.

Like his class he had a matter-of-fact courage, —only it stiffened to a stolidity which takes it out of any class. He learned it around horses but it got to be a part of him. "I can recall only two persons," writes Horace Porter, "who throughout a rattling fire of musketry, always sat in their saddles without moving a muscle or winking an eye; one was a bugler, the other was General Grant." When he became Commander-in-Chief his daring deepened into pitilessness. He no longer threw himself on the side of a shielding horse and galloped alone through a scalding fire for reenforcements. He gave over climbing ladders into the midst of armed Mexicans who had neglected to surrender. Instead he risked multitudes of lives with a deliberation which made even Sherman protest. "We must move forward to a decisive victory or our cause is lost," he said and, as though he had been Frederick the Great, he produced the glittering campaign of Vicksburg. "Unless my plan proves an entire success, it would be interpreted as a disastrous defeat" was his prelude to the Wilderness and Appomattox. He was dubbed the "butcher" of a gigantic killing. No one saw him moving out from the log hospital at Shiloh because he "found the sight more unendurable than the enemy's fire and returned to (his) tree in the rain." Fortunately for us, after a particularly bloody battle Rawlins saw him throw himself down on his cot and "give way to uncontrollable emotion." But he steeled his heart: "we cut our way in and we can cut our way out"; —had he been less successful, we should have heard that famous sentence from him more than once.

Like the ordinary Middle Westerner he was, and like most great men, he decided things for himself. "I am an American citizen and can't be compelled," happen to be the words in which he refused to go to Mexico for President Johnson, but any American, great or small, would find them easy to utter. "This is as near a council of war as I ever held:" John Brown writing of Harper's Ferry, Theodore Roosevelt reporting to Dr. Abbott on the eve of the Progressive convention, Woodrow Wilson writing home from Paris,—all would be as likely guesses at the author as Grant at Vicksburg describing his release of prisoners on parole in defiance of the generals. Yet there was an unshaken confidence about his independent decisions that was delightfully preposterous. "You have a faith in success that I can only compare with the faith of a Christian in the Saviour." "He issues his orders without much reference to what is going on about him,"—are two equivocal comments on his irresistible authority from his great subordinate. There are a pair of renowned sayings of Grant and Sherman which read like Scripture and commentary. Text: "The art of war is simple enough. Find out where your enemy is. Get him as soon as you can. Strike at him as hard as you can and keep moving on." Footnote: "He don't care a damn for what the enemy does out of his sight, but it scares me like hell."

But decision seems almost too pedestrian a word for Grant: perhaps intuition is better. The reading of the Memoirs seems like an unending ride at a gallop. He starts for this place or that unless he hears to the contrary. He keeps away from Washington, lest caution should be enjoined. He comes upon a rattle-brained division: "General,

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I'll find out where the enemy is," is his reprimand. Scattered about through his pages are sentences like these: "The one who attacks first now will be victorious and the enemy will have to hurry to get ahead of me," "Day and night have been all the same," "I was anxious to close up the thing at once," "My plan is to take the initiative," "I never manoeuvre." His laconic answer to the prudent Meade is unforgettable, "What," asked Meade, "shall I do if the enemy pushes me here?" "Push him there," was the reply.

And like the best rustics and the best men he never tired and rarely changed. "Mere attrition" is his name for the method that wore out Lee. As we might expect, Lincoln was more picturesque: "He has the grip of a bull-dog: if he once gets his teeth in, nothing can shake him off." "Northern pluck and endurance against Southern dash,"—thus Grant accounts for Shiloh.

II

But we are only on the edges. And I think we should be still, even if we attempted to appraise the elements of his generalship,—his mastery of topography, his ability to hold large spaces and large armies in his imagination, his celerity of movement, his fearlessness before great reputations, his trust in the patriotism and determination of the common man, his concentration on winning instead of on fighting, his preference for the sledge-hammer rather than the rapier. He had qualities which are rarer with great generals than with ordinary Americans in the Middle West. But the strength and uniqueness of his character lie in the way in which he carried up the noblest qualities of ordinary men into—and through—extraordinary position and obligation.

For example, he confessed his mistakes: this may be none too common around the stove of a country-store but it certainly is rarer in Presidential utterances. "It was my fortune or misfortune to be called to the office of Chief Executive without any previous political training: under such circumstances it is but reasonable to suppose that errors of judgment must have occurred"—so runs a paragraph from his last official message; five times in the Memoirs he confesses to mistakes in military judgment.

There was nothing of the braggart about him and unlike most of his class he had something to brag about. I wonder if the eyes of Philip Sidney would not have sparkled could he have read Senator Carpenter's tribute to what looks amazingly like gentlemanliness in Grant. "I was trying last night to recall a single instance, if, in conversation in regard to the late war, I had heard General Grant allude to himself and I could not. I have heard him speak of the exploits of Sherman, of what was done by Logan, McPherson and many others, I never heard him say: 'At such a juncture I thought I would do so and so' or 'I ordered a battalion this way or that'—I believe you might go to the White House and live with him and you never would know from anything he said that he was in the war at all." This is at least bucolic reticence glorified by retention in untoward places.

But side by side with the reticence is a rustic scorn of ambition which seems grounded in a submissiveness too voluntary to be called a submissiveness to fate. It seems like an unconscious and embarrassed "waiting on the Lord." The Memoirs would deserve to live for these sentences: "Everyone has his superstitions, (a phrase of Grant's analogous to Socrates' recognition of his daemon) one of mine is that in positions of great responsibility everyone should do his duty to the best of his ability . . . without application or the use of influence to change his position,—I had no idea myself of any large command nor did I suppose that I was equal to one: But I had the vanity to think that as a cavalry officer I might succeed very well in the command of a brigade. On one occasion . . . I said that I would give anything if I were commanding a brigade of cavalry in the army of the Potomac and I believed I could do some good. Captain Hillyer spoke up and suggested that I make application to be transferred there to command the cavalry. I then told him that I would cut my right arm off first . . . If I had sought the place (of commander) or obtained it through personal influences, my belief is that I would have failed to undertake any plan of my own conception."

An aversion to talk of one's own deeds, a "superstitious" refusal to seek one's own promotion,—do they not suggest the reverence of ordinary men for the hidden forces at work in humanity which sometimes create characteristics as arresting as the brilliant flowers on the hulk of a cactus?

III

There is a charm in the word "unprofessional" of which we are particularly conscious when we are talking of a military man. The commonplace Grant never let his humanity be overawed by his uniform. As a boy the flight of wild turkeys was so interesting that he forgot to fire. As a young lieutenant a Mexican bull-fight disgusted him. As a general in the hour of his long-sought victory,

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he found his joy fading away in the presence of his courtly but humiliated adversary, he stopped the triumphant salute of one hundred guns, not wishing "to exult over their downfall" he allowed every Confederate private a horse and mule with which to begin farming and he permitted every Confederate officer to retain his side-arms.

Few successful professional men have hated their profession as Grant hated his. "Military life had no charms for me" is the first sentence of his record of his life at West Point. While there, he longed for the abolition of the academy by Congress that the net might break and he escape. He denounced the first war in which he was engaged and sympathized with the poor Mexicans "who did not know what it was about." He proposed that the regular army should disband for the period of the Civil War and preferred volunteers to regulars. On refusing to review troops abroad he confessed to the German Crown Prince "I am more of a farmer than a soldier, I never went into the army without regret and I never retired from it without pleasure."

And so, as though he were addressing our present Senate, we hear him speaking for ordinary men who hate war and believe in humanity: "Nothing would afford me greater happiness than to know that, as I believe will be the case, the nations of the earth will agree upon some sort of congress which will take cognizance of international questions of difficulty and whose decisions will be as binding as the decisions of our Supreme Court." And again, and this time in his second Inaugural: "I believe that our Great Maker is preparing the world to become one nation and where armies and navies will be no longer required." One wonders if Mr. Wilson was not right after all in feeling that he was the representative of the common people in his championing of the League of Nations.

IV

There are few nobler qualities than these of courage, perseverance, humility, magnanimity, good hope, which Grant possessed,—and they were not produced by circumstances; they were inherent in the man. Few campaigns are more brilliant than that of Vicksburg, few battles more thrilling than Chattanooga. Few wars go so unchallenged by the moral sentries as the war in which Grant fought. Few causes are dearer to mankind than that which reaped the harvest of his victory. Why is it then that his centenary passes by so inconspicuously?

Do the mists of carpet-bag government and Black Friday and the Whiskey ring and Crédit Mobilier still hang too low, notwithstanding the sturdy wind of Mr. Coolidge's biography? Has the World War dwarfed the Civil War and disgusted us with all wars? Do we insist that majesty or melancholy should be joined to unselfishness as rarer qualities of manhood before we are deeply stirred to hero-worship? Is Bancroft too weak a substitute for Hamilton as anonymous composer of Presidential messages? Is there too large a host of hangers on? Is our fortunate penchant for the extraordinary unsatisfied by so notable a revelation of the sublimity of the ordinary fundamentals of manhood when maintained "in a palace?"

Perhaps; but does not the centenary lack enthusiasm also because Grant fought nobly for a noble cause without recognizing its nobility? He outdid Lincoln in subordinating the welfare of the slaves to the welfare of the nation. "I have no hobby of my own with regard to the negro, either to effect his freedom or to continue his bondage," he writes in cold-blooded fashion. But unlike Lincoln he did not identify the cause of his country with the cause of democracy. He fought as Lincoln fought to save his country but primarily because it was his country and secondarily because he was educated at government expense. He was a patriot, simple, effective but unthinking and unimaginative. He did not wholly lack vision, but it was unrelated to his own task. He was too much of a patriot and too little of an idealist. It is the commonplaceness of his thought that has obscured the sublime qualities of his character. His intellectual and spiritual power were not great enough to integrate his own task in the great edifice that so slowly comes to completion. The comparative unconcern of America for Grant is an unconscious indorsement of Edith Cavell's: "I see now; patriotism is not enough."

A. W. VERNON.

Sunrise Trumpets

Dim wind pillared the hills: stiller than mist it seemed;
Somewhere water challenged silence, somewhere water failed;
Spiders brooded thick in silver and the willows dreamed...
Then the wind crumpled richly; night paled.

Black-eyed starlight dimmed; a voice blushed timidly;
Sombre crimson crouched in shadow, rifts of hazel fire:
Dawn a drowsy eagle, and the brief audacity
Of thrushes fluting through the dew—one choir!

O the lift, the liquid blindness of their throats!
O the high white music and the blue plumes of the wind!
Up! the crested moment points a sword! the flashing notes
Of sunrise-trumpets! Up! dawn is javelined!

JOSEPH AUSLANDER.

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Dostoievsky's Idiot

The Idiot, adapted from Dostoievsky's novel by John Cowper Powys and Reginald Pole. The Little Theatre. April 9, 1922.

THE content of Dostoievsky is never actuality. It is actuality seen through the heat of a fierce, tortured, poignant and enormous spirit. And so in The Idiot his matter had been brought up into intellectual memory, to use a Greek phrase of late Byzantine days; it is all rounded up, lighted anew, brought to where there may be a recognition of it as a part of our more abstract and invisible experience.

In a sort of parallel sense the version of The Idiot that Mr. Reginald Pole uses and the production that he gives to it, never seem quite theatre. It has its reality, but a somewhat baffling reality for the usual theatre-going eye, because it often lacks the familiar and accustomed method and effect; as in the plot, for example, which seems hardly a plot at all but rather moments out of some terrible intensity of living enacted before us. But it cannot be said that the play succeeds always in bringing the novel over, in making up out of it a theatrical unity. And as usual when someone tries to turn this Russian material into English literature, it takes on a note of degeneracy where in its own medium or even translated straight into English, it remains not degenerate but merely Russian, a world of things taken simply and used to reveal life. The piece wobbles between a frank admission of a play on one hand and the effort of conveying the novel on the other. The language it uses is too stiffish, is written up, and not always consistent with itself: and it lacks the flexibility that would be best capable of the intimacy and the shadowed and burning penetration of Dostoievsky's matter. This lack is what causes the effect you get now and then in the speeches of breaks, sudden jumps, incoherence; though the things said are not jumpy necessarily, and need only the right fluidity of language to show their coherence. But over everything the Dostoievsky origin throws the energy of its intensity; it appears in the characters and in the events; and it gives a centrifugal quality of feeling, an underrunning glow and stream of life that saves them. The acting furthers this salvation.

As for the production, that, on the whole, has not yet attained a sure impress, an unescapable unity, owing largely, you gather from its best moments, to the peculiar difficulties and circumstances under which it has been carried out. But in the décor Mr. Frederick Jones' use of black curtains throughout was often successful, remarkably so in the General's salon, where the sense of aristocratic amplitude and rich mountings was miles ahead of most realistic attempts that I have seen. And what a rest that first scene was in the railway compartment! No rattling, no passing landscape through the windows, to tickle the silly kodakery of our minds, no window at all for that matter, in sum no rubbishy details to make nonsense the background of the incident; but only an alcove in the black hangings, warmed and made natural with the kind familiarity of light, and in this place two men sitting, and the moment engaged strictly with the essential thing to be conveyed.

Miss Winwood's must have been the hardest rôle she ever tried, that of Nastasya, beautiful, good in all her instincts, wronged by every fate, dark, tragic, depraved, intelligent, desperate. It was a part that required of its creator on the stage an inexhaustible stream of vitality and poignancy and an enormous technical control. And in Nastasya's passages with the prince, whose mystery and whose pity carried her away into her finest self, and in the scene where she and Aglaia compete against each other, Miss Winwood was mainly true and not seldom beautiful in her performance, though she dropped now and again to mere technical facility. In the first act, which was really more trying than the others, for all their fervour, Miss Winwood lacked darkness enough, lacked an underlying, terrible shadow of wounded life and passionate chasms of experience. But at the same time her playing during this scene caught brilliantly that desperate contempt and that cleverness by which Aglaia adapted her own tone to that of the suave and brutal gentlemen she dealt with. In this mood there was something very uncommon about Miss Winwood's performance that made me wish she might find for herself somewhere the rôle of one of those great courtesans of the Renaissance, a D'Este or Sforza mistress or the Venetian that Titian painted, and give us their exotic gorgeousness, their style and mentality, and their high poetry of courage and fatalism.

On one account at least I cannot say too much for Miss Mower. She has learned what almost nobody on our stage seems to learn, to listen. And it is through this that she makes so beautiful a contribution to the scene where the prince sits telling to those shocked and antagonistic guests his ideas of love and pity and of the religion of Christ and humanity, speaking out of an ecstasy almost and with divine transparency of thought. And while he is saying all this and just before she is to throw herself at his feet and cover him from the rest, the girl sits on the divan opposite, forgetful of the guests, listening to the man she loves but of whom she has been almost ashamed, so foolish and gauche he is in his ways, her chin slightly lifted, her eyes fixed on a place just above his head, as if she saw there somehow a kind of aura of him. And through that listening as much as anything else the scene lifts to its proper and unforgettable heights of mystical power.

In this scene as in the first where he sits in a rapt quietness charged with implications, Mr. Pole's acting had genuine poetic feeling and technical fluidity, a fine musical ear, good diction and the air of great cultivation. In the part of the prince he is not always even, but he gets remarkably into the whole of it the important and carrying thing, which is an effect of a nervous vigor in the midst of physical decay, of a quivering spiritual vitality; of an aristocratic simplicity, a terrible candor of mind that is essentially distinguished; and of a mystery of attraction, almost hypnotic, that centers in the frail body.

The Idiot carries to success intentions not unrelated in spirit to what Miss Wiborg tried in her Taboo a week ago; which, though a failure, confused, often unwritten, lost in a maze of material, had yet a germ of something fine, a discernment of the magic and the shudder of life, a hint, too, of glaring, direct theatricality, that made it more welcome than a thousand of those well-made, manager-baiting pieces that young dramatists are sometimes able to put over. And an event like this production of The Idiot is significant because it encourages us to hope for more of a thing so necessary in the theatre: the emergence of idea, of an effort at matter that will strain and tug against dramatic limitations as we have them, at matter charged with more life, more indomitability, more shadows and more wings. For our social

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ideas this Russian stuff may seem anything but sane, with so much suffering and so little done about it, so much felt and so little managed. But when it comes to the bottom, to the fundamentals of what we are, how sane it is! It tells the truth—which is the only sanity in the end—the truth not so much about society, which has no profound truth, of its own, but about that human nature on which society rests. And so from this performance emerges a great quality of spiritual delicacy and force and excitement. And is it not high time, too, that people in the theatre learned to look more for this heightened and mystical veracity, for more of something above incident and childish interest in who's who and whose and where and just what? It is time they looked for more of that quality that emerges from Dostoievsky's work, and not a little from this performance of it, the quality of a something through which the shock and pressure of our invisible living impregnates with itself the outer substance of life, as the light of the sky impregnates with itself the waters, to use D'Annunzio's figure, la luce del cielo impregnava di sé le acque. Only through this does the craft of the theatre become art; through this it keeps alive and grows.

STARK YOUNG.

Oh, Tricksy April!

The morning wind came tickling us
With fingertips of silk.
"Get up, get up, Ridiculous!
And fetch the morning milk!"

"To sleep so long's a frantic thing
For pretty wives and bards,
When callers wait below like Spring
With buds and birds for cards!"

My throttle parched with delicate thirst,
Jane's hair began to curl,
And down we tumbled, manners first,
To find that April girl.

Her sun was scent and sea on us
While fools might count to ten,
We stood like moons made glorious
To know they're new again.

Her air was dew and light to us
One instant far too kind,
And all my poems ridiculous
Turned cartwheels in my mind.

Then there was cloud like stinking smoke,
The damned sun shut his eye,
And all the rains of Noah broke
Out of the weeping sky.

Oh we were drenched and we were wild
And we were streams and pools!
And every drop laughed like a child
At two such April fools!

We didn't growl at being bit.
We chuckled, "Since it's so,
We'll light the fire we should have lit
Three April hours ago.

Much bread and jam will soothe our souls,
And, after breakfast's done,
We'll kiss each other by the coals
As well as in the sun.

And if you wear your flower-bell look,
And if a bee I be,
All day will be a picture-book,
All night a Christmas-tree.

Not all of Heaven's watering carts
Can ever make them cowed
Who sleep against each other's hearts
Like cherubs in a cloud."

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÈT.

THE BANDWAGON

A BARBER'S CONFESSION

"I have a friend who has a collection of famous men's hair which is worth many thousands of dollars. I didn't think of it in time."

How many of us, in humble or high station, are overlooking every-day opportunities?—*Forbes Magazine.*

AND STILL KEEP THEIR PROMISE

But if her (Russia's) representatives are invited to participate on equal terms under vague promises to behave after the manner of civilized nations they can play one side off against the other and make capital out of conflicts of interest and opinion.—*The Independent and Weekly Review.*

THE DOINGS OF THE MACGREGORS

Mrs. Sydney MacGregor, who reached town Saturday with her husband from some place up in Ontario, went to the McAlpin Hotel, where they got a room and bath. The MacGregors have been married sixteen years. Sunday afternoon Mrs. MacGregor thought she would take a bath. The thought was mother of the act. Mr. MacGregor went out for a walk.—*The New York World.*

INCLUDING THE G. O. P?

Nearly all elephants lie on their left sides when sleeping.—*The National Republican.*

TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA HOW TO ROOT

Gradually, we shall learn to root (perhaps we should say: to educate) such sheer animality out of human nature.—*Dr. Charles Fleischer in the New York American.*

THE DOUGH BOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD

The difference between the value of the dollar and the value of the mark is the sacrifice made by the American soldier. He created that value: If he had not done so, it would have no value.—*The Chicago Tribune.*

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Books and Things

SHOW me an anthologist who does not fly too high in his preface and I will send him, if he be still alive, a briar pipe of straight grain. Not even the wariest anthologists I know can resist the temptation to say they are trying to round up the best poems or the best short poems or the best lyrics in the language. Each anthologist's ideal is a book inside whose covers the least good poem that he has included will feel more at home than it would have felt if he'd left it outside.

No anthologist ever comes anywhere near this ideal. I don't believe any one tries to. On my table are the Golden Treasury and the Oxford Book of English Verse and a new book the title of which I'm not clear about (Jacket and binding and title-page call it the Le Gallienne Book of English Verse—Boni and Liveright, $3.50. The running title is the Modern Book of English Verse). Palgrave and Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and Mr. Richard Le Gallienne are all preoccupied with the best. They use the word each with his own degree of freedom. Yet each knew, when he was picking and choosing, that if Mrs. Barbauld's "Life! I know not what thou art" is one of the best, then there is no English word good enough for "When icicles hang by the wall" or the Ode to the West Wind.

It is easy to understand the anthologist's practice. A collection which contained no poems but the best would be so short that no publisher would touch it. And I believe it would strike you and me, who sometimes complain of the mixed company we meet in even our favorite anthology, as arbitrary and pretentious. A volume of very good verse is better worth buying than a volume of the best. It is the anthologist's profession of faith, not his practice, which is incomprehensible.

Here, now, is Mr. Le Gallienne, who says his aim has been "merely to bring together as much of the best of" English poetry "as it is possible to include in one companionable volume, so much of the best of it, indeed, that little of the best will be left outside these covers." Squeeze this assertion ever so little and out comes what was an implication that Mr. Le Gallienne thinks every poem he has put in better than every poem he has left out. He must believe, if we take him literally, that Milton's sonnet to Mr. Lawrence is not so good as Robinson Kay Leather's Advice to a Boy. He must believe that this quatrain, by Sir William Watson,

> Think not thy wisdom can illume away
> The ancient tanglement of night and day.
> Enough, to acknowledge both, and both revere:
> They see not clearliest who see all things clear,

is better than this quatrain, by Landor:

> From you, Ianthe, little troubles pass
> Like little ripples down a sunny river;
> Your pleasures spring like daisies in the grass,
> Cut down, and up again as blithe as ever.

Mr. Le Gallienne is of course much too sensible to believe anything of the sort. Like every other anthologist, he is afraid of putting in too much of any one man, even of Landor or Milton, and although I do not share his liking for this bit of Sir William Watson or for Robinson Kay Leather, I do like an anthology to include a lot of things far below the best that the best English poets have done on their best days.

There is no way, so far as I know, of reviewing an anthology when it is just out. Once upon a time the correct thing was to wonder at the editor's sins of commission, to wonder some more at his sins of omission, to send your stuff to the printer and call it a day's work. Reviewers of today think this too easy. They know the method can be used against all anthologies alike, and that it doesn't usually get us anywhere. They know, besides, being often sincere persons, that the reviewer's predicament when confronted with a new anthology is the opposite of his ordinary predicament. He is ever so much more familiar with the old anthologies than with the new one, yet if his review is to be of any use to anybody he must do some comparing. He can't tell what he thinks of the new book until it has turned into an old book. Prolonged use is the only way to find out which anthology you like best. But if everybody acted upon this opinion there would be no reviews.

As a snap-judge, though, let me say that I don't as yet see any reason for preferring the Le Gallienne or the Modern to the Oxford Book of English Verse. Mr. Le Gallienne has done two or three things I'm not at all for. He has put in speeches and parts of speeches from Shakespeare, and extracts from Pope's heroic couplet; he has left out all anonymous poems except ballads, a ruling which in the case of the Elizabethan song-writers, particularly, deprives us of several fine lyrics; he has included what strikes me as an intolerable deal of Oscar Wilde—ever so much too much; he has taken Peacock's "The mountain sheep are sweeter" and blue-pencilled all verses but the first! When I've said that I'd rank Mr. Le Gallienne's Ben Jonson and Collins and Rossetti above Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's, and when I've thanked him for making me acquainted with Richard Corbet's Farewell to the Fairies, I have almost exhausted—but this is just the sort of criticism I've called too easy.

In the fourteen pages given to the Index of First Lines I have noticed twelve misprints. Only a few of these appear in the text of the poems, and some are quite trivial. Others are less trivial—Meraclitus for Heraclitus, Prosperpina, god for God. One is rather pleasant in its suggestion that Kubla "Kahn" was possibly related to Otto. And one is a real howler:

> Dear Death?—to feel the frog in my throat.

Surely one of a proof-reader's duties is to keep other readers from discovering the lengths to which a compositor will go when humorous.

So many misprints, even in an index, are too many anywhere. Nor are they the only tokens of carelessness. The printing of only one date, 1840, after Austin Dobson's name implies that he is still living. And how about giving "Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife," to Sir Walter Scott? Wasn't it taken away from him a year or two ago? Wasn't the whole poem published in the London Times, and Sir Walter's quotation from it found to be the only part worth remembering?

By the way, if anybody offered me money for an idea for an anthology, I should suggest a book that would contain nothing that is included in the Oxford or the Golden Treasury. It would certainly be much less good than either of these, but it might still be worth travelling with, and its reason for existence would be plain. It would include nothing by any poet who was alive when it was compiled. Nobody can be trusted to choose among his contemporaries. Perhaps Mr. Le Gallienne would call this a good rule for a man to keep in mind when weighing one anthology compiled by a contemporary against another.

P. L.

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Saint Teresa

Saint Teresa, by Henry Sydnor Harrison. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.00.

THERE are a number of devices whereby people in hundreds of thousands may be induced to read your novel. Lead past them a horse spavined, outcast, apparently hopeless of victory, yet a horse somehow so appealing to the natural friendliness for the underhorse that readers will unconsciously bet on him in their hearts, and then, at the end of some hundreds of pages of vicissitudes, bring him in first under the wire. And when the prize is The Girl's love, you have most of the elements necessary to popular success. Queed and V. V.'s Eyes achieved this success, and, according to all the rules of the national game of fiction, they well deserved it.

You and I, who ask for more in fiction than is usually to be found there—call it truth, call it character, call it a correspondence with a world rich, casual, endless, beginningless, where many things are planted that do not sprout—did we find any of this in Queed or V. V.'s Eyes? Not a trace. Instead, the story of some misunderstood but quaint and lovable little man, progressing, with appalling symmetry, past artificial barriers to a happiness devastatingly complete. Characters in two dimensions, more thought out than felt, never for a moment allowed by their author to cut loose from his leading strings and walk about by themselves and grow, if possible, out of the puppet stage. Dialogue mercilessly to the point, and curiously bookish, almost stilted. Acres of pleasant, readable plot insulated from reality, from which little impression remains but that they were easy to read. An aftertaste of something smooth, friendly, warm, mild, yet intelligent.

Not the kind of job, you may say, which a good mind likes to do. On the contrary, probably the strongest impression brought away from reading Queed and V. V.'s Eyes was that Mr. Harrison had a very good mind indeed. He seemed to have produced exactly the effect he set out to produce; in fact, most of the books' faults seemed faults of overcalculation. Mr. Harrison trusts his reason too much and other qualities too little. His intellect guards every page, it stands all three watches so strictly that the deeper and more casual things never show above deck. Mr. Harrison sees to it that every speech, every incident is in some blood relationship to the plot. Nothing of course is in the final effect more unreal. Mr. Harrison suffers no intrusions at all; so, since life is mostly intrusions, one feels that he is interested in fiction and not in life. A mind of some deftness and power, in short, applied to insignificant ends.

While it was impossible to forget the mediocrity of those early novels, I had some hope, when Mr. Harrison's Saint Teresa was announced, that in the six or seven years of his silence he might have suffered a sea-change. But that hope will have to be deferred once more, for once more Mr. Harrison appears in the rôle of the father who is more intelligent than his children.

Saint Teresa is trimmer than its predecessors, swifter, more energetic, and even easier to read. Mr. Harrison has not changed essentially, but does the same sort of thing rather more efficiently than before. Let's look at it.

Teresa de Silver is a "woman who hates love," and is romantic for other reasons. Ever since she was a child her adventures had filled the newspapers, and made her famous to their readers as a girl who ran away with gypsies, who got herself expelled from college, and had been "hit with a brick on the State House steps at Albany," who combined the characteristics of Theodore Roosevelt with those of a virginal ascetic, a fierce young nun to whom "public issues of the livelier sorts" were the "breath of her nostrils." Obviously, sometime before page 456 this creature who hated men will have to be conquered by one of them.

We find her, early on Easter morning, smoking a cigarette and reading Taylor's Modern System of Office Management, and High Speed Steel. For she is in control of the Whitestone Steel Company, at a time early in the war when steel companies were making munitions for the Allies.

Enter the hero, Dean Masury, drawn toward her by a "thrill of profound antagonism." He hates her unwomanliness, her large pince-nezs, the harsh ridiculous disguises for her charm, her "deliberately flat, unnaturally inanimate" voice. A verbal duel, with cold, calculated insults on both sides. Yet somehow he accepts the job of reorganizing Whitestone's office. Tedious days in that office, in an atmosphere of business haste, efficiency and paperasserie which Mr. Harrison has described very skilfully. More arguments between Masury and Teresa, at the time when it appears that she proposes to make no arms for the Allies, done much less skilfully, cold long duels of tenuous verbal chess, marked with mutual insults, sudden pallors, brusqueness, in a high pitch of rhetoric. Then, when Masury, much too accidentally for a good story, has bought the shares which he thinks give him the controlling interest in Whitestone, a long, bitter, desperate, thirteen round, physical fight from page 363 to page 376. He is nearly stabbed by her, she "jerks down her pinioned arms with a cogent thrust," he kisses her, she bites through his lip, he chokes her into unconsciousness. After this there is only the possible ending, and on page 454 "his hard arms went around her, folding her close." The chaste goddess, the efficient saint, surrenders to love—and the demands of fiction.

Mr. Harrison has a curious knack—or rather perhaps a technical device by which he plans to rivet your interest—of making each one of his novels seem a desert island, peopled by no characters not somehow accessory to the story, cut off from every whisper of a larger world careless of insular matters, an island where no sun rises, nor breeze stirs, nor human step is discovered, nor any cocoanut drops from a tree that is not in some way relevant to the plot. He is indefatigable, and for his purpose, which one might take to be to prevent the average person who picks up Saint Teresa at 11 P. M. from putting it down again until finished, I suppose he is right. But in a novel of so little emotional intensity, and so many other kinds of intensities, there should be oases, or a week-end trip or two where the plot is not mentioned, and the reader can rest from his close following of it.

A good story—yes; a good novel—no. Hardly a novel at all, if a novel requires characters and the tang of life. The "story" reigns supreme, triumphing over such interesting questions, which Mr. Harrison has not tried to answer, as to just when Masury began to fall in love with her, and she with him; as to just how that nunnish mind worked to produce such an ice-floe of words. Here, as in the earlier stories, the casual and meaningless things which give flavor to our days and to the books that truthfully record them, are ruthlessly, carefully excluded. What is left is a readable story, and the blue prints for an interesting character—the she-tiger of modern business. And once more we postpone our hope for the better things Mr. Harrison can surely do if he will.

ROBERT LITTELL.

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The Immigrant Press

The Immigrant Press and Its Control, by Robert E. Park. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

ONE of the reasons why a study of the press has never become a serious business of the scholar is that the handling of great, unwieldy stacks of smelly, smudgy newspapers full of stale reading matter is a nuisance in the home, a risk to the eyes, and a torture to the mind. The well-bound, carefully indexed books of other scholars are ever so much more comfortable mechanically, and clay tablets, papyrus, and vellum have a patina that disguises much dullness. This aesthetic prejudice becomes an even greater obstacle as you turn from the English to the immigrant press. For the adepts in the exotic languages are scarce, and the very qualities which induce a man to learn many foreign tongues are more than likely to make him feel how vain it is to read any daily newspaper, above all, newspapers written in dialects that are becoming steadily more hyphenated.

If the immigrant press is to be studied at all, it must be studied cooperatively. The author must work from translations and digests, taking testimony where he can out of the rather meager statistics available. This has been Mr. Park's method. He has brought to it the hospitality of mind which is essential in all Americanization studies; he has brought a fine sense of the European background; and above all, a well-trained intuition as to what is probably true and what is not.

But curiously enough, although this is a book about newspapers, there is no specific discussion of the news they publish. There are occasional generalities, but after reading the whole volume I have no clear sense of how the foreign language press reports the new world to the immigrant. Mr. Park has not studied the topic. He does not explain how the "news values" of the immigrant press compare with those of the native press. He does not even mention the press services, and what connections the foreign language papers have with them. Where does a Czech paper in Chicago find its news? Does it have its own telegraphic service, its own special correspondents? Does it have the same news service as the English language press of Chicago, or a different one? How do a Czech and an American paper compare in their treatment of the same item of news? Questions of this order seem fundamental. They are laborious questions to answer, because the language and card-catalogue difficulties are great. But Mr. Park had behind him the Carnegie Corporation, and he was in an unusually good position to undertake such an investigation.

Yet, in spite of this serious omission, Mr. Park has by a skillful selection of testimony and shrewd manipulation of the available statistics of circulation, the span of life and the death of the immigrant press, written a very interesting introduction to the subject. He establishes clearly that the foreign press depends upon the tide of immigration. The one apparent exception is the German, which has outlasted the peak of German immigration, but even here a decline seems certain. A foreign language press can continue to prosper only when there is at least a nucleus of non-English speaking people. The bi-linguals drift away. This fact determines the character and the evolution of the foreign language papers. Because they depend primarily on the supply of new arrivals, they are attuned to the state of mind of the new arrival. Therefore, they are "likely to be, at the outset, radical in either a secular or a religious field. They represent the ideas and ideals for which immigrants have sought space and air in the New World."

The statement holds equally of the older immigration as well as the new, of the "Northwestern" as of the "Southeastern." The first German newspaper in America was published in 1739. The editor was a German Quaker, and his paper reflected the religious radicalism then pervading Germany. The French newspapers are strongly Roman Catholic, because among the French Canadians, as among the Poles, loyalty to the church is a phase of the nationalist struggle for survival. The Yiddish press has its background in old Russia and the old Austria-Hungary, and is peculiarly sensitive where civil liberty is involved.

This is just about what one would expect. People pull up stakes and go from one continent to another. Their ambitions are vague, their memories are concrete. The papers they publish, then, in the new land are bound at first to reflect their memories. Since the American scene unfolds slowly to them, they are certain for a time to see the unfamiliar in shapes that are familiar to them, and to rehearse in the new land battles they were fighting at home.

As the papers are edited in the beginning by transplanted "intellectuals," the tendency to cling to the old forms of perception is strong. For an intellectual is likely to have a certain stock of ideas that constitute his personality. He cherishes these ideas, and insists upon them, for they are what he is, and to lose them is to sink out of sight. But his non-intellectual compatriots have no such vested capital to defend. He is made before he lands at Ellis Island, but they are on the make. His "liberty" is to be what he would have been at home, but for the police. Their "liberty" is to be something they would never have been at home, because the soil is too poor.

Therefore, there soon comes a break between the immigrant intellectual and his readers. It may not always go quite so far as in the case of Mr. Park's Chinese paper, where the editor cannot read the editorials in his own paper because he does not understand the literary language. But the break goes pretty far in that direction. After a while the idiom of the intellectual becomes unintelligible, and the business office is heard from. Then the really significant evolution takes place. Either the paper dies, or some one with an American newspaper training, like Abraham Cahan, takes charge, and the paper becomes American in character. It may advocate socialism, as does the Jewish Daily Forward, or be pro-German, like the Staats-Zeitung, but it will have the news values and the commercial standards of an American paper.

This is the last effort in the struggle to survive. In order to keep pace with the Americanization of the readers the papers gradually abandon everything which makes them distinctive, except the language. But then they come into competition with the native press which they are trying to imitate. Unless there is a constant supply of fresh immigrants, the language barrier soon breaks down, partly because the immigrant learns English, partly because some of the newspapers competing for this trade print less and less English, and print more and more pictures. The tabloid pictorial pretty nearly overcomes all the barriers of language, thought, and tradition. Let it evolve only a little further, and it will develop a sign language more universal than anything dreamed of by the Esperantists in their most hopeful moments.

At this point the problems of the immigrant press become the problems of the press. WALTER LIPPMANN.

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A Young Girl's Diary

A Young Girl's Diary. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $5.00.

IT is amusing to imagine what would have happened if A Young Girl's Diary, so mildly titled, and in its delicate cover of buff and green, had been dropped, a changeling volume, on the tea-tables of the nineties. The welkin would have rung with masculine denunciation and abuse, there would have been wringing of feminine hands, and protestations and lies. But it appeared instead late in the year of comparative grace 1921, and the theories of Sigmund Freud have got abroad so thoroughly that, whether or not the millions love them, they are no longer caviar to the newspapers. So far not one woman has come forth to deny the universality of little Rita Lainer, and only one man has felt called upon to raise his hands and call heaven to witness that American girls are not as their Austrian sisters.

In the first place, the Diary has a clear, naïve, direct quality which Eden and Cedar Paul, in translating, have managed to transfer amazingly to the English version. The book has none of the tortuous spellings and false simplicities of the pseudo-diaries we all know; it has its honest misspellings and childishnesses of punctuation, but the humor of the book lies not in them but in the youthful shrewdness of Rita. The author, who began the diary before her twelfth birthday and carried it on until she was past fourteen, is the youngest of three children in an upper middle class family of Vienna, an extraordinarily happy and intelligent family. There is the quite-perfect father; the mother, all reserves and modesties, but delicate and adored; Oswald, affectionate and arrogant and unduly indulged—"If only half of what Oswald says he says to the professors is true, then I can't understand why he isn't expelled from every Gym. says Mother"—and Dora, the languishing lady, three years older than Rita and giving herself insufferable airs. The diary was written only for the eyes of an inseparable, Hella, who, like Rita, suffers from the blight of an elder sister. If humor were all one searched for, and if the discomfiting passages of the diary might be overlooked, one might read a small library without finding another book as amusing as this. The numerous concocters of the holy-terror variety of diary must pale with envy when they read the record of Hella's relapse after Rita's call: "One of the doctors said that if she had been in a private house he would have felt sure that it was an error in diet, but since she was in hospital that could be excluded. So it was from the burnt almonds and the marzipan. Hella thinks it was the marzipan, for they were large ones at 20 hellers each because nuts lie heavy on the stomach."

But the truly astonishing thing about the book is that it comes as a sort of retrospective revelation. Strange how we forget when we belonged to the Secret Order of Adolescence—when we were reserved, withdrawn, looking, in our very fever of anxiety to hide from our elders every trace of forbidden knowledge, so virginal, remote and cool! Almost every reviewer of the book has assured us that Rita was normal and wholesome, but the tragedy of the book is that a normal child was forced by the taboos and stupidities of our civilization to spend the years of her girlhood in unwholesome speculation. These girls guess and spy and eaves-drop and run to each other with every scrap of information or experience about sex, they talk to the servants and explore the encyclopaedia, and in the end they have a patchwork of misconceptions and superstitions, disgusts and morbid fascinations; men, they believe, are cruel, and they are sick with shame for Hella's cousin Emmy, who is about to have a child—and this is the foundation, however reinforced, on which they must build their marriages. They lead pitiful double lives—"One has to be careful not to give oneself away when one knows everything. . . . Hella has told me again and again that she wished we didn't know anything. She says she's always afraid of giving herself away and that she often thinks of that sort of thing when she ought to be learning her lessons." Does that wake an old discomfort?

We were all Ritas, the happiest of us, though the fortunate ones win out to some sort of sanity by virtue of hard common sense and the sight of happy marriages about us; but at such an appalling waste of precious energy and curiosity! Still—perhaps it is an illusion—it seems a better thing to be fourteen today than it was to be fourteen ten or twenty years ago; honesty is in the air now, and we are not so afraid of sex. Obnoxious as some flapper-manifestations are, nobody has arisen to accuse contemporary girls of devious and deceitful ways; the commonest charge is outrageous frankness. Eventually, if this Diary and books of its rare sort are read as widely as they deserve to be, our children may be able to discard silent spying or loud bravado and take up unembarrassed enlightenment in their stead. DOROTHEA BRANDE.

Eternal Helen, by F. Pearce Sturm. Oxford: Basil Blackwell.

THIS is a book of poems which proves that they are still doing it in England, still plundering Araby for images, and "oft and anon" singing of "passion's heady wine," still resurrecting the wretched phoenix, still refusing to let poor Helen rest in peace. It is hard to imagine Mr. Sturm outside the library with his lutes and flutes and daemons and dream lagoons. He has nothing new to say nor does he say it particularly well. Praise to Mr. Blackwell for the attractive composition of the book, the excellent paper, the beautiful type. The cover and decorations by T. Sturge Moore are interesting. E. S.

A Correction

In Mr. Edmund Wilson's review of Ezra Pound's Poems 1918—21, page 233, in our issue of April 19th, Yorenzaccio should have read Lorenzaccio.

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